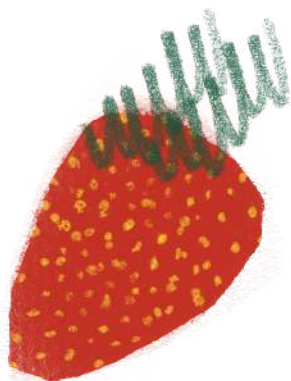


Radio Strawberry

Issue #1 Spring 2025



It all started with Dan Price.
No, it all started with Danny Gregory. ♥

In 2016, if I remember correctly, I came across Danny Gregory's online art school, **Sketchbook Skool**, and I took some of the courses. The instructors were lovely, humble artists, devoted to make creative things, sharing the beautiful pebbles they found along the seashore. They all had the habit of keeping sketchbooks. Then I bought some of Gregory's books = the **Creative License**, **An Illustrated Life**, and **Shut Your Monkey**. I cherish all three and regard them among my all time precious possessions.



↑ Dan



↑ Danny

Following Gregory's recommendations, I have learned about many artists and creative people of all sorts.



Koosje Koene



Michael Nobbs



Prashant Miranda

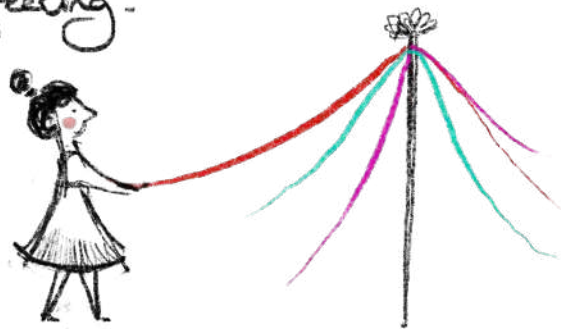
Dan Price is one of them.
He is a free spirit, a happy artist.



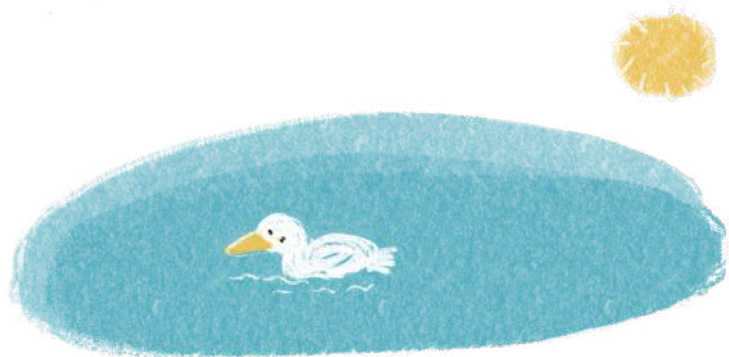
For many years, he made a zine called **Moonlight Chronicles**. They were filled with stories, illustrations, photographs, and proofs that what truly matters finds a way to exist. These personal diaries of his filled me with the same sense of creative freedom. I realized that I too desire to devote a bouquet of my time to make zines.

Today is the first of May.

Three years ago today I was dancing around the Maypole with some ladies. We were all in white. It feels like a long time now. It feels like reminiscing a previous life. Many people that I've encountered with, many memories I recall, do belong to distant times. Mostly, with a warm feeling.



Yet I carry our Maypole prayer of
harmony within me. As I now
lend an ear to my heart, to hear
her tell me the name of this zine,
as the cacao I drank softens my
forehead, I soften into the first
of May. The worker, the pagan,
the dancing child all gather around
me, and we smile to rest.



The name of this zine will be
radio strawberry, because I like
strawberries very much. They are tasty,
fresh, and strawberry jam is also delicious,
and I feel like a child when I think
about strawberries.

I'll write again in summer.

Esra
becan

